A NEW

1st.

SONG

UPON THE

CORONATION of King James II.

To the Tune of *King James's Jigg.*

25. April. 1685.

I.

NOW, nows the time that our Foes did fear,
Our King is Enthron'd in his right ſphere:
The lofty *Cedar* the *Elme* and *Oke*
Doth Flouriſh, yet every VVeeping *Rock*
Bleeds Tears for the times of Yore,
Our late Troubles and thoſe before:
Now 'th heavens doth ſmile and thoſe times are ore,
The *Whigs* turn'd *Trimmers* can Hang us no more.

II.

Great *JAMES* our King and *MARY* is Crown'd,
Their Glorys and Splendor the Heavens reſound;
He'll take no wrong and do Subjects right,
And ſhew them deſcipline that dares to fight:
He hath ventur'd his life by Sea and Land
Before all thoſe, under his Command;
He's a *Coward* that will not his life defend, ſtand.
Then drink the King's Health Sir while he can

III.

A Coronation too high for a Song,
VVhere all the Nobles o'th Nation did Throng;
Our God's Annointed, excelling far
Aurora, or *Aprils* Morning Star:
The *Galexcy's* not to be ſeen,
Obſcur'd by'th Luſtre of King and Queen
In Emulation the Gods have been,
In Cannopys over the Royal Scene.

IV.

We'l leave diſputing of Plots and Shams,
And never take notice when *Otes* he *Hangs*;
We'l leave of Whoring unleſs by fits,
When Wine rides Admiral o're our Wits:
The Golden Age a new begins,
Peace and Plenty our King attends;
The ſmiles of all the heavens deſcends
Upon our dread Sovereign, the beſt of Kings.

V.

So great a Monarch was never before;
His Royal Protection all princes implore;
And every Soldier in all his Guards,
A Commiſſioners office can well diſcharge,
And thinks each Minute an Age to long,
Till they are engag'd amongſt the Throng
O'th' *Turks* and *Teicklers* both proud and ſtrong,
That 'th Empire may flouriſh like our Kingdom.

VI.

Let all Loyal *Hearts* with Joyes be Crown'd,
Each Soul a full Brimmer, and *Hat* on the ground,
With loud Acclamations lets reach the *Skies*,
And drink up our Liquor before it dyes;
The Guns did Fire and the Bells did Ring,
The Bloom and Bloſſome of all the *Spring*
Doth flouriſh and beautifie every thing,
That Tends the Coronation of *JAMES* our King.

FINIS

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